

See You at the Storm Drain, Don Juan

**A play in one act
By Matt Callahan**

1.

(Don Juan's villa in Spain. Early afternoon. Don Juan and Dona Ysenia are in bed.)

DON JUAN

Amor, are you going to get up?

YSENIA

Too early.

DON JUAN

You're really that tired?

YSENIA

What woman wouldn't be?

DON JUAN

None *I'd* admit.

YSENIA

Oh, you're such a clever one.

DON JUAN

I made juevos rancheros.

YSENIA

You are clever!

DON JUAN

Will you come to the table?

YSENIA

Too eat eggs.

DON JUAN

Yes. Si.

YSENIA

But I'm so tired...

DON JUAN
You're not hungry?

YSENIA
No I am.

DON JUAN
So let us eat.

YSENIA
Breakfast in bed.

DON JUAN
Its four courses.

YSENIA
Dammit, Don.

DON JUAN
Como?

YSENIA
You make me look bad.

DON JUAN
I thought you'd be hungry after last night.

YSENIA
I need a vacation after last night.

DON JUAN
You know you wouldn't sleep on vacation either.

YSENIA
Who made the food.

DON JUAN
My people did.

YSENIA
People, who. Culinary staff?

DON JUAN
Yes.

YSENIA
And I can meet them.

DON JUAN
They've gone for the day.

YSENIA
Pobre cita.

DON JUAN
Hay problemas?

YSENIA
In this house-

DON JUAN
(interrupting)
Sorry?

YSENIA
...

DON JUAN
Ysenia, are you feeling alright?

YSENIA
Si, Don Juan.

DON JUAN
Are you sick?

YSENIA
No, feels alright.

DON JUAN
You should get a job. Or something. Do something to get out of the house.

YSENIA
A hobby.

DON JUAN
Yeah, a hobby.

YSENIA

But I'd miss you on your breaks from work.

DON JUAN
You'd be right.

YSENIA
(snapping out of it)
You have an appointment today.

DON JUAN
Really? With whom?

YSENIA
Doctor's appointment. Your test.

DON JUAN
Test.

YSENIA
Your biweekly one.

DON JUAN
Test, test.

YSENIa
Senor...

(Something scampers upstage towards DON JUAN. It behaves like a shadow and moves too fast to be able to tell what it is.)

DON JUAN
Yes, two.

YSENIA
Senor?

DON JUAN
What time is the appointment?

YSENIA
Eleven AM.

DON JUAN
(he moves towards her)
Have time.

YSENIA
(receptively)
Breakfast is probably cold.

DON JUAN
(devilish)
Microwave.

(They embrace, lights begin to fade. YSENIA giggles.)

(Blackout. There are scampering and squeaking sounds all about the stage seeming to lead up to center stage where the two lovers were. We faintly hear DON JUAN's voice in the darkness giving instructions to these creatures moving in the night. YSENIA is there but not present.)

2.

(A few hours later. YSENIA is in bed, wrapped up in sheets. DON JUAN is urgently putting his clothes back on, standing next to the bed.)

YSENIA
(exasperated)
That was different.

DON JUAN
Oh si?

YSENIA
It was like it wasn't even you.

DON JUAN
(nervously)
Ha! Well that's impossible!

YSENIA
You were different, though.

DON JUAN
Variety is the...

(A WOMAN appears at the window and bangs on it for DON JUAN's attention. At the bangs on the window, the house walls fold down to the floor as though on hinges or the house made of cardboard. The WOMAN passes through the now open window as the wall come down. She quickly disappears after she speaks.)

WOMAN

See you at the storm drain, Don Juan.

YSENIA

(agitated)

Man's excuse to fuck as many women as he wants?

DON JUAN

Ysenia, you're being harsh.

YSENIA

(defensive)

I'm not!

DON JUAN

And you're quick to it.

YSENIA

You aren't sleeping with her, are you?

DON JUAN

No. Not her.

YSENIA

A crazed fan?

DON JUAN

Probably got my address from some travel agency. Tourists.

YSENIA

Tourists that you sometimes take to bed.

DON JUAN

(confidently)

There were bound to be a few.

(Pause.)

YSENIA

Who else are you fucking?

DON JUAN

Nobody, amor.

YSENIA
Who else are you fucking, Don Juan?

DON JUAN
Dona Ysenia, I mean it.

YSENIA
Oh come on! You're Don Juan!

DON JUAN
But you knew that, right?

YSENIA
Yes, of course.

DON JUAN
Fine. Yes, I'm sleeping with other people. Someone else.

YSENIA
Someone else or other people?

DON JUAN
Both.

YSENIA
You pig.

DON JUAN
I have another steady woman that I see. And then I mill about.

YSENIA
Don Juan!

DON JUAN
Listen to yourself!

(Blackout.)

3.

(The front room and kitchen of the same house. There is a noticeable mouse hole in the base board of the wall to the left of the door which Dona Ysenia enters the scene through. She crosses downstage left into

the kitchenette, arms full of groceries. She makes her way back behind the counter, unloading the groceries. Her gaze is all about the room as she sorts, placing her spoils in their appropriate places. Her wandering eyes are what notice the hole in the wall and the tiny sized wrapped gift on the floor next to it.)

YSENIA

(squinting, zeroing in on the hole from across the room)

What is that?

(Dona Ysenia comes out from behind the counter and crosses halfway into the front room.)

YSENIA (cont'd.)

What is *that*?

(She crosses to the wall and kneels down to examine the hole. With one hand, she takes the tiny gift while getting down on all fours to peek into the hole. Her hand is masking the tiny gift when Don Juan enters the room. Don Juan enters from the door that leads out the back of the kitchen.)

DON JUAN

Ysenia?

YSENIA

(not straying from her position or focus)

Si?

DON JUAN

What are you doing?

YSENIA

How long has this hole been here for?

DON JUAN

Since I moved in. It was there when I bought this place.

YSENIA

Never thought of having it repaired?

DON JUAN

I like it, I think it has character.

YSENIA

(Sitting up and turning to face Don Juan, concealing the tiny gift.)

It has rodents is what it has.

DON JUAN
I've never seen any rats in here.

YSENIA
Haven't you heard them, though?

DON JUAN
No, actually. Why, have you?

YSENIA
I have been hearing things at night.

DON JUAN
Like what?

YSENIA
Creaks in the floor, or like...faint scratching and tapping on the wood.

DON JUAN
It's an old house.

YSENIA
No, it's not that kind of noise. It sounds like something's been moving
across the floors.

DON JUAN
And you think rats.

YSENIA
I don't see what else it could be.

DON JUAN
Another woman.

YSENIA
Don't be funny.

DON JUAN
I'm not, there are stories about the women in the walls.

YSENIA
Stop your shit, Don Juan

DON JUAN

(picking teeth)
There's something poking my mouth.

YSENIA
What? Let me see.

(YSENIA moves towards DON JUAN, he pulls away when she reaches him and tries to get a look inside his mouth.)

DON JUAN
It's another woman.

YSENIA
(gently hitting him in the chest)
Don Juan!

DON JUAN
I'm not being funny.

(Long pause. Anxiety. YSENIA fervently produces the tiny gift she had concealed and sets in on the kitchen counter.)

YSENIA
What is in this house that you don't want me to see?

DON JUAN
Nah. You can't know.

YSENIA
Bullshit, I can know.

DON JUAN
No such knowledge shall you possess.

YSENIA
Don't fuck with me right now, Don Juan.

DON JUAN
What is it that you want to know, anyway?

YSENIA
If you didn't already know then why-

(DON JUAN gives YSENIA devil's eyebrows sort of expression)

YSENIA

You're a pig.

DON JUAN
So tell me.

YSENIA
No, you tell me.

DON JUAN
Tell you what?

YSENIA
(indicating the box on the counter.)
What the fuck is this?

DON JUAN
Someone must have dropped it, how the fuck should I know?

YSENIA
Liar.

DON JUAN
That isn't mine if that's what you believe.

YSENIA
Are you feeding them?

DON JUAN
What.

YSENIA
The rats. Are you feeding them?

DON JUAN
I wouldn't fucking gift wrap it if I was!

YSENIA
Well you are peculiar.

DON JUAN
I am DON JUAN.

YSENIA
May I call you Mr. Pig?

DON JUAN

Certainly not.

(The two move toward each other.)

YSENIA
Don Juan?

DON JUAN
Listen to yourself.

(They kiss. Blackout.)

4.

(Lights come back up very quickly, DON JUAN and YSENIA are onstage in the same places they were when the last scene ended. They don't appear to have gotten very far.)

YSENIA
So you're not fucking any other women.

DON JUAN
Not.

YSENIA
How long has this been going on?

DON JUAN
The last few weeks, I've seen a doctor about it.

YSENIA
Did he say what caused it.

DON JUAN
He says its all psychoactive.

YSENIA
Psycho-

DON JUAN
Psychomatic.

YSENIA
Psycho-

DON JUAN

Psychoanalytical.

YSENIA
Psycho-

DON JUAN
Delic. Psychodelic.

YSENIA
It's all in your head, is what he means.

DON JUAN
That's the long and short of it, yes.

YSENIA
Still so clever.

DON JUAN
Don't start, we'll only be disappointed.

YSENIA
That's the case with everything, amor.

DON JUAN
Te amo, Ysenia.

YSENIA
Te amo, Don Juan.

(They kiss. Blackout.)

5.

(Lights come up on the front room and kitchen. There are significantly more gift wrapped boxes piled up by the hole in the wall. YSENIA is preparing a meal in the kitchen when DON JUAN enters from the house's front door.)

DON JUAN
(noticing the boxes)
What's all this?

YSENIA
(not looking up)

What's that, sweetheart?

DON JUAN

What are all these boxes doing here?

YSENIA

You cover your tracks so well, Don Juan. You can tell me that you recognize them, I don't care.

DON JUAN

I've never seen them.

YSENIA

You should also know that they're not boxes at all, they're counterfeit.

DON JUAN

Lower your voice, Ysenia.

YSENIA

You leave them here as gifts.

DON JUAN

(eyes to the mouse hole, but not so she'd notice)
Shhhhhh!

YSENIA

Some thing takes a gift and then what.

DON JUAN

Ysenia, what are you talking about?

YSENIA

Who are you leaving these out for?

DON JUAN

I don't leave anything out for anyone!

YSENIA

Or any thing?

DON JUAN

No. Not either.

YSENIA

I know what's in them.

DON JUAN
You do. That's fine.

YSENIA
Why is that fine?

DON JUAN
Because they aren't mine, so it doesn't matter.

YSENIA
You're not curious at all?

DON JUAN
I simply want a boner, Ysenia.

YSENIA
(*blushes*)
Your language...

DON JUAN
What's wrong with it?

YSENIA
Watch it.

DON JUAN
Watch what? Boner?

YSENIA
Your syntax.

DON JUAN
My sin tax?

YSENIA
You know, context.

DON JUAN
Haha, are you referring to Genet?

YSENIA
Don't name drop.
I'm referring to "boner".

DON JUAN
I knew it was "boner".

(Pause.)

YSENIA

The first box was most definitely yours, Don Juan. Will you admit that?

DON JUAN

Don Juan does not admit to anything he's not sure about.

YSENIA

Do you not remember putting a pill in that box?

DON JUAN

...

YSENIA

And wrapping it up like a fucking gift?
With a bow on top!

DON JUAN

I wouldn't know what kind of pill I'd take such nice care of.

YSENIA

Stop your shit, Don Juan and just be serious for one fucking second.

DON JUAN

Alright.

(Pause.)

DON JUAN (cont'd.)

Why all the boxes?

YSENIA

I want to coax them out.

DON JUAN

There's nothing there, Ysenia

YSENIA

Something made this hole, though.

(Ysenia goes back to all fours to further investigate the mouse hole.)

DON JUAN

Word has spread.

YSENIA
I'm confused, what do you mean?

DON JUAN
About my...malfunction.

YSENIA
(*turns to him*)
And how?

DON JUAN
Well I don't know Ysenia, I was hoping you could tell me.

YSENIA
(*rising*)
I haven't told anyone, amor.

DON JUAN
You went to the salon yesterday.

YSENIA
I did. But I didn't tell anyone about your problem.

DON JUAN
You fell asleep. You mentioned it in your fucking *sleep*!

YSENIA
Where'd you hear this?

DON JUAN
The woman who was shampooing your hair.

YSENIA
Were you spying on me?

DON JUAN
No!

(*Pause.*)

I mean....yes.

YSENIA
I knew I should have had you followed.

(A woman runs up to their kitchen window and begins shouting for DON JUAN and violently banging on the glass. The banging of the windows cues the house walls to come down again as before. The WOMAN enters the house the same way, by passing through the open window as it comes down around her.)

DON JUAN
Oh god.

YSENIA
That's her.

DON JUAN
Yeah.

YSENIA
Why the hell is she here, Don Juan?

DON JUAN
I don't know, she's upset about me fucking my wife again.

YSENIA
I didn't know you were married.

DON JUAN
I'm not.

WOMAN
Don Juan! Cabron! Abre la puerta! Ahora!

YSENIA
What rage.

DON JUAN
You don't know the half of it.

YSENIA
You *were* fucking her.

DON JUAN
I don't know why she's so upset.

YSENIA
You slept with her didn't you? But how?

DON JUAN
It is a new malfunction.

YSENIA
You pig.

DON JUAN
You knew though, you knew who I was.

YSENIA
Doesn't mean you half to act on it.

DON JUAN
I'm not saying I did. Though I disagree.

YSENIA
You'd rather admit to cheating on me than admit you had trouble
getting it up.

WOMAN
You impotent prick! Won't even talk!?!?! Come out here and open this
fuckin' door! You just lied again!

DON JUAN
I'd admit to anything.

YSENIA
Over this.

DON JUAN
Fucking yes, Ysenia!! The people are talking! How long do you think it
is before I'm out of business?

YSENIA
But you'd admit to the limp dick before all the presents for your little
friends.

(DON JUAN slaps YSENIA. Pretty hard.)

DON JUAN
You can be a vicious little gumshoe bitch.

YSENIA
You're the libido-master with the limp dick.

(This agitates DON JUAN beyond all measure and he loses it. The WOMAN stands still at the place where she passed through the window. DON JUAN brutally throws YSENIA to the ground near the doorway, her body lands amongst the boxes and pills, she seems to go unconscious. DON JUAN exits the house and comes around to meet the WOMAN outside at the window. The house walls restore themselves when DON JUAN and the WOMAN are both clear of the house.)

WOMAN

How far will we go?

DON JUAN

The storm drain.

WOMAN

Oh, I thought that was just code.

DON JUAN

No, its not.

(Pause.)

WOMAN

You two didn't have sex much, did you?

DON JUAN

Never.

(They exit and lights begin to fade on the stage, the house and room, and the body. Before total darkness, there can be shadows seen starting to scurry out onto the stage. The scratching and scurrying sounds can be heard gathering around YSENIA's body.)

END OF PLAY.

